THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Publication Office:
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered as second-class matter, October 5, 1906, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

The Washington Herald is delivered by carrier in the District of Columbia and at Alexandria, Va., at 35 cents per month, daily and Sunday, or at 25 cents per month without the Sunday issue.

Subscription Rates by Mail.

Daily and Sunday.....35 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....$4.20 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....25 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....$3.00 per year

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Office, Nassau-Beekman Bldg., LaCoste & Maxwell, Managers.
Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg., LaCoste & Maxwell, Managers.

TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1907.

Tariff Revision Is with Us.

The tariff question, which Congressional standpatters thought they had carefully laid by through the simple device of inaction, has been opened wide by the new agreement with Germany and by the evident purpose of France to demand concessions equivalent to those given German exporters. Protected interests have already taken alarm over certain provisions of the German agreement, and their organ leads an outcry against the administration that is bound to increase in volume if the effect of the German concessions shall be to increase imports of manufactures competing with American productions. Curiously enough, American importing houses which buy largely in foreign markets are also up in arms against the new agreement, alleging that it will give an advantage to importers to whom foreign goods are shipped on consignment.

Explanation of this novel alignment of domestic manufacturers and importers against tariff concessions goes to the heart of the whole matter. The vital clause of the German agreement is that which binds us to instruct our customs officers that the market value of imported goods—the value, that is, upon which tariff duties are to be imposed—is the "export price whenever goods are sold wholly for export or sold in the home market only in limited quantities." Now, the practice of many German manufacturers engaged in an export business is to sell goods abroad at lower prices than at home, and the whole importance of the new German agreement consists in our consent to levy tariff duties on this lower export price, rather than the home price, as has been done heretofore. By levying duties on this lower valuation, as we have before pointed out, this government virtually reduces the tariff rate. Importers who buy their goods abroad, however, pay the home market price, whereas importers who receive goods on consignment to be disposed of in this country pay the export price and the consequent lower duties. Hence the opposition of the former class of importers to the new agreement. A New York importer is quoted as saying that direct importers have in a number of instances been unable to buy from German manufacturers, who have refused to sell except in the New York market at the export price, thus declining to accept a price that would establish a market value for shipments other than those made on consignment. In other words, they adhere to the lower export price in order to obtain the advantage of lower tariff duties in a competitive market. This is a trick of the trade that is sharply resented by our protected industries, and it will be easier than ever to play it under the tariff agreement with Germany.

We learn from the chief protectionist organ that "1907 is a standpat year." That was the assumption when Congress adjourned without taking up any phase of the tariff question. It is an assumption, however, which has been most conclusively disproved by the course of events. The signature of the German agreement, with its intentionally favored treatment of the German export trade, marks a departure in tariff administration hardly less important than the introduction of a tariff bill. It means that a way has been found to let down the tariff bars, partly, at least, without going to Congress for permission, and that the rigid and uncompromising attitude of hidebound protectionism has been abandoned by this administration. We look for a loud and prolonged howl from the protected interests as soon as the full significance of the German agreement becomes a matter of common knowledge. For tariff revision has not been postponed until 1909; it is in our midst.

Henry James says he never heard an American woman say "thank you" or "please." Henry might, perhaps, solve the difficulty by revising his visiting list.

An Appeal for Executive Power.

Gov. Hughes, in his contest with the New York legislature, finds it necessary to appeal to the people for a larger measure of executive power than the governors of the Empire State have hitherto been intrusted with. In his endeavor to improve the administration of the insurance department of the State, his purpose is thwarted by an incompetent and unsympathetic officer, who is maintained in place by interested legislators. This curious and insupportable situation led the governor to remark, in his Elmira speech, that "it is inimical to honest and proper administration that when such a condition exists there should be a lack of executive power to bring administrative methods up to the standards demanded by the people." He went on to say that he believed the time had come when the people would be willing "to repose in their chosen representatives such power as will enable them to discharge their public trust."

While this unhappy exhibition of executive powerlessness is before the people, an effort is being made to cripple the governor's public utilities bill by refusing to grant him power to appoint or remove the commissioners who are to be charged with its enforcement. Against such emasculation Gov. Hughes offers a strong plea, saying that in order to make any system of State regulation effective those who administer it must be directly responsible to an elected officer who is himself accountable directly to the people. "Nothing is more fatal to honest and businesslike administration," says the governor, "than to create positions which, in effect, are removed from direct accountability." That is just what the legislature did when it created the office of superintendent of insurance and just what many of its members want to do in the creation of the corporation commission; in both instances for the purpose of making those officers dependent on and subservient to the legislature.

Here we see in active operation the forces which are nowadays making for the enlargement of executive power in all our governments, and the devolution of power from the legislature to the people—namely, an executive who can be trusted and a legislature in which nobody has any confidence, and which cannot be trusted to carry out the popular mandate. The governor holds that mandate; the legislature, no longer representing the people, but various interests, personal, political, and financial, attempts to thwart the executive purpose. As so often happens, the executive, not the representative body, stands closer to popular thought and aspiration. It is significant that Gov. Hughes should be compelled to appeal for a greater measure of authority as against a popularly elected body—significant of the present tendency of a democratic people to trust government more and more to executive officers elected directly by the people, and to hold them directly accountable for honesty and efficiency of administration.

Bishop Warren Candler, of Georgia, could probably be elected governor of California by acclamation, if he wanted the job. Writing from Japan and of the Japanese, the bishop says: "They are a thieving, robbing, selfish, mercenary, and conscienceless set, and the truth is not in them."

A Noted Preacher.

Few preachers have left so indelible a mark on their time as has the Rev. John Watson, better known in both hemispheres as "Ian Maclaren," who died yesterday. To seek modern American parallels to his peculiar hold on the public, one would have to think of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, or, perhaps, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

Born in England, he was educated at Edinburgh, and from his early manhood he was always more Scotch than English. The blood of the old Covenanters was in his veins, and it found vent in his preaching, which was the good old Presbyterian doctrine—with a difference. His pulpit oratory was of a sort that appealed with vital force not only to the small congregations of Perthshire or the larger audiences of Glasgow, but when, having attained high literary fame, his sermons were collected and printed, they appealed to all English-speaking peoples.

Scotland he loved and took pains to understand. The way had been prepared for him by his confrere, Mr. James M. Barrie, whose "Auld Licht Idylls" and "The Little Minister" had drawn attention anew to the beauties of certain phases of Scottish character. So when, in 1894, Dr. Watson made his debut as an author with "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," it was to find a hearty welcome all prepared for him.

From that time on Ian Maclaren was no longer a humble Scottish Presbyterian preacher. He belonged to the world. All he wrote was sought for eagerly—as eagerly in America as in England. Always his doctrine was one of hopefulness and cheer, his lectures were an inspiration, his books of stories were sermons on good living only thinly disguised.

He died in the prime of his life, and at the very height of his usefulness. His loss will be keenly and widely felt; but he has gone to his reward. Behind he has left influences that will endure and carry on the work he started so bravely and carried on so well. A world of love will sorrow o'er his grave; but there can be no bitterness of grief over a good man's passing:

"O Death, all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love."

The greatest trouble with the "unwritten law" is that every one who seeks to apply it furnishes his own construction of it.

Improving Housing Conditions.

The report submitted by Mr. James B. Reynolds as the result of his investigation into the housing of the poor in Washington is an interesting document, although it does not present any facts not previously known. There is no doubt of the existence in Washington of many miserable homes. It is equally true that the alley population does not observe the same high standard of living which, for instance, characterizes the residents of Washington Heights. Also it is to be taken for granted that whatever can be done to improve these conditions ought to be done, and the President's commission has, therefore, our hearty God-speed in the work to which it has been assigned.

At the same time, the commission, in the prosecution of its task, will be confronted by many considerations of a practical character. In the first place, people do not live in hovels through choice. Despite Mr. Reynolds' wholesale characterization, there are families living in Washington alleys who are honest and industrious, and would be glad to find a more desirable place of residence. Their poverty is, however, an insurmountable obstacle. To live well costs money, and they are unable with their meager incomes to incur additional expense. These people ought to be helped, but if they are to be given better surroundings they must be provided with more money to meet the additional demands which will be made upon them. Brick houses are admittedly better than wooden shacks, but brick houses cost more to build, are liable to higher taxation, and, if kept in presentable condition, will necessitate constant outlay for repairs. All this means an increased expenditure for rent. It is also desirable that every house shall be furnished with a bathroom, or, at least, with running water. This means that a water-rent bill must be added to the other expenses. How is the poor laborer to stand these new demands upon his money unless his wages are correspondingly increased? Nowhere in Mr. Reynolds' report do we find any reference to this view of the question, but it is certainly one that the commission must take into consideration.

There are two ways of handling the housing problem. One was inaugurated by the late George Peabody, when he expended a million dollars or more in erecting workingmen's homes in London. His expenditure was pure benevolence. He had no thought of benefiting, financially, through his investment, and so the occupants of the houses secured a clean and wholesome environment at a minimum cost. Is there anybody in Washington who will emulate George Peabody's charity? If so, the opportunity presents itself. If, however, we are not to witness some munificent gift, Washington might follow the example of Liverpool and provide better housing conditions at municipal expense. This would be a radical departure from established policy in this country, but it would help to solve the problem. Homes provided by the municipality could be erected at minimum cost under contract, and as they would be free from taxation, and as the question of profit would not at any time enter into their management, they could be rented at a nominal figure. The community would, in the last analysis, be the gainer by the expenditure, because there would be an elevation of the lower plane of society. The tendency to filth and immorality which is more or less inseparable from unclean surroundings would be largely removed, and there would be less work for the police and the courts. This was the argument which prevailed in Liverpool, and it is applicable here.

We pass without comment the fact that it was considered necessary to bring in an outsider to do our uplifting. We are so used to an influx of reformers and we have so frequently seen Washington made an experimenting ground that this latest instance does not disturb us. We simply breathe a sigh of gratification over the fact that the commission is composed of Washington men who know our population and its conditions, and we earnestly hope that they will be able to accomplish practical results.

The Chicago Record-Herald seems surprised to note that Mr. Bellamy Storer is not out in a card favoring the Foraker end of the Ohio row. Perhaps Mr. Storer is a real friend of Mr. Foraker.

Pretty Good World, This!

The Boston Herald tells a very pretty little story in its Sunday issue to prove that this old world is all right, and not made up largely of mean and selfish people. The age of chivalry has by no means passed, and there are fine folks innumerable whose names have never figured in the newspapers.

It seems that an old Boston apple woman—or some one of the kind—recently sold a small piece of land, receiving, in cash for the same some $10,000. On her way to the bank—she was seriously crippled in earlier life, and moved about with great difficulty—she stumbled and fell. Her money, all in currency, fell from her hands, and the wind scattered it in every direction. She called for help, and the people near by began collecting the money for her. When the search was finished it was found that not a dollar was missing. It was all there, although fifty people had participated in the recovery of it.

The average American—long may he wave—is a magnificent institution. This country of ours is the best, we believe, in the universe. As Frank L. Stanton says:

"We gits er rose with every thorn,
But ain't ther roses sweet!"

Indeed they are! The thorn serves a useful purpose on the rose stem. Of this we have no doubt. We do not know what it is, and we do not care. We do not even inquire. Rascals who would have robbed the old woman the Boston Herald speaks of probably serve some good purpose in the world. At any rate, they make the average American—honest, industrious, and true—stand forth in a little more attractive light.

Depend upon it, the average American is a square dealer; a fair player; a man who hits straight. Not 5 per cent of this population of ours would have touched a penny of that old woman's money. There's really nothing wonderful about it. It isn't even striking. It's just the way of the rank and file of the populace that goes to make up this greatest of republics the world ever saw.

Such things are happening all around you all the time.

"Hawaiian volcanoes are growling ominously," says a cable. They can hardly be blamed. Remember, a Congressional delegation is about to visit Hawaii.

A Wyoming man has invented a game called "The Road to the White House." If it isn't the worst kind of a fraud, the man might do some good business with it around about the office of the Secretary of War.

The Dallas News further complicates the Democratic situation by advancing the following plank for the next platform: "No man should be elected to the legislature until he has already served two or three terms."

"It can hardly be said that winter's grand finale made much of a hit in this section," says a Chicago contemporary. Nor can it safely be said that winter has actually made its farewell appearance.

A large number of people in a certain section of Montana are sacrificing their property because they fear the world is coming to an end soon. The man who got up the scare was a rather foxy real estate dealer.

"Hell is a pocket edition of Chicago," says a minister of that city. That is a terrible warning to the unrighteous.

This spring has probably been the most trying in history to the "oldest inhabitants." Every morning it is necessary for them to get up a bigger yarn than the one told the day before about the weather the country used to have when they were boys.

"If we must have a Republican President in 1912, we are for Roosevelt," says the Spartanburg Herald. 1912, indeed!—but what's the use?

The scientist seeking to fix the color of the moon should consider the possibility of the moon not being as green as it looks.

Mr. Ray Stannard Baker is finding out some wonderful things while touring the South. For instance, he sagely concludes that there would be no trouble there were the vicious elements of society eliminated. It is a comforting thing to know that such a condition North, East, and West would also render those sections happy, peaceful, and content.

"Xyloiin" is the name of a new paper fabric which it is proposed to make into clothes. However, until the weather changes, no "xyloiin" in ours.

What the governor of South Carolina said to the governor of North Carolina no longer interests, but Emperor William is extremely anxious to know what the King of England said to the King of Italy when they recently met.

A contemporary seems surprised to learn that Washingtonians enjoy circuses. Of course they do; does our contemporary think Congress all the fun Washington is entitled to?

"Mr. Roosevelt appears to have found many of his maxims in McGuffey's readers, which were published before the civil war," says the Rochester Herald. Well, the old-time religion is mighty hard to beat.

How the heart of the obscure literary genius must burn to see the day that he can hand out such stuff as Kipling's "Sons of Martha" and get about 20 cents a word for it.

To the query, "Who is the greatest American?" we are not prepared to reply, "as at present advised," but we violate no confidence in saying that it is not the ex-Rev. Tom-tom Dixon.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER.

Root's the smartest man we have
(Barring Ted).
Wood's the bravest of the brave
(Barring Ted).
Loeb's the best man on the horse
Taft's the chap of greatest force.
In both instances, of course,
Barring Ted.

Bryan stands the fourest-square
(Barring Ted).
Shaw displaces most warm air
(Barring Ted).
Garfield bears the strongest lance.
Fairbanks wears the longest pants.
Hughes, however, stands best chance—
Barring Ted.

Poor Old Dad.

"I opposed the match. I wish I had encouraged it, now."

"Why so?"

"In that case, maybe she wouldn't have married the dub."

The Good-natured Man.

"There you go. Giving money to a beggar."

"Why not? He's a poor cripple."

"Bad precedent, my friend."

"Well, it's a precedent I guess there won't be no great rush to follow."

Naturally.

"Do you," we asked the pie-faced mutt,
"Still feel a smart?"
We shall not print his answer, but
It sure was tart!

A Girl's Troubles.

"Grace has been seeking my company a good deal."

"Well, Molly?"

"Is it because she likes me, or does she just want to use me as a foil?"

On Fools.

"The man thet argues with a fool," declared Uncle Abner, "is a dum fool, an' the man thet wastes any sympathy on him is the dumdest fool of the three. But what's the use talkin'? Gimme eight cents wuth o' codfish, Jabez!"

A Few Years Hence.

"Look at him! Haggard, heartbroken, alone!"

"And his wife at the bridge table."

"Yes; it's the old story. He married her to reform her."

WAR PRICES DOWN SOUTH.

Quinine Was $1,700 an Ounce and Flour $300 a Barrel.

In 1865 an ounce of quinine could not be purchased for less than $1,700 in the South. Provisions were simply enormous in price. Here are just a few instances: In February a ham weighing fifty pounds sold for exactly $750, or at the rate of $5 a pound. Flour was at $300 a barrel.

Fresh fish retailed all over at $5 a pound, and ordinary meal was at $50 a bushel. Those who lived in boarding houses paid from $200 to $300 a month. White beans retailed at $75 a bushel. Tea went for anything from $20 a pound to $60, and coffee in a like ratio, says Spare Moments.

The most ordinary brown sugar was sold for $10 a pound. Ordinary adamantine candles were sold for $10 a pound. In a cafe, breakfast was ordinarily $10. In April sugar went to $900 a barrel and articles of wearing apparel sold, coats at $350, trousers at $100, and boots at $250.

Butter was $15 a pound. Potatoes went for $2 a quart. Tomatoes of the size of a walnut sold for $20 a dozen. Chickens varied from $35 to $50 a pair.

The prices on the bill of fare of the Richmond restaurant in January, 1864, were: Soup, $1.50; bread and butter, $1.50; roast beef, a plate, $3; boiled eggs, $2; ham and eggs, $3.50; rock fish, a plate, $5; fried oysters, a plate, $5; raw oysters, $3; fresh milk, a glass, $2; coffee, a cup, $3; tea, a cup, $2.

These figures are taken from various sources and have the virtue of accuracy, if nothing else. Always was present the fear of famine, and time and time again did the soldiers donate a portion of their rations, taken from their apportionment in the field, to relieve the pressing necessities.

The shrinkage of the currency was, of course, responsible, and some idea may be gathered from a story that went the rounds at the time. A soldier galloped along a country road and a farmer leaning over a fence admired the animal. He called to the trooper, offering to buy the horse:

"Give you $30,000 for him, Johnny," he said.

"Not much, old man. I just paid $15,000 to have him shod," was the reply.

TELEPHONE CLOCKS.

Put in Like Telephones and Run Entirely from Central Office.

Telephone companies are now furnishing their subscribers at a small annual rental self-winding electric clocks that give absolutey accurate time.

The clocks can be placed anywhere in the house, says Popular Mechanics, and are connected to the telephone wires by means of concealed wires.

The telephone clock never stops, for it never runs down, and should it vary a second or two in the course of the twenty-four hours it will be correct again within a few hours, for each day all the telephone clocks in the city are synchronized, or set.

This setting is done from the central office at some hour when the telephone is least likely to be in use, say 3 o'clock a. m. The setting requires only a moment and is accomplished by a separate current from the master clock.

The operation of the telephone clock is simple. The winding is done by means of dry batteries, which energize the magnet and cause it to lift alternately two small round weights, each one of which in falling once will operate the clock seven and one-half minutes.

The system is said to be absolutely safe. The rental of a clock is about the same price as people pay for having clocks cleaned each year.

For Southern Leadership.

From the Richmond News-Leader.

"Principles, not men," was the old shiboleth of the Democracy, and which in latter years has died out under pressure of the consideration of personal popularity, and bidding for the big electoral vote of this or that State. There could be no more propitious time for reviving it, seeing especially that the Republican party is on the defensive on the tariff issue, banking and currency reform, and, most important of all, State rights, as affecting the very foundations of our institutions. The situation presents a splendid opportunity for Southern leadership, and it would be a blunder worse than a crime not to seize it.

MAYTIME.

A song in the orchard brances,
A nest underneath the eaves;
A wonderful world of blossoms
Among the tender leaves.

A violet close by the wayside,
A buttercup gemmed with dew;
The plaintive cry of the plover
And a sky serenely blue.

A rush of wings in the sunlight,
A scent of buds in the air,
A glimpse of green on the uplands
And Maytime is everywhere.

—Will Reed Dunroy, in Chicago Chronicle.

MEN AND THINGS.

Taft's Ohio Manager.

Whether or not Arthur I. Vorys, who now is the titular, if not the actual, manager of the Taft interests in Ohio, will be continued at the head of the Secretary's forces after the Buckeye State has manifested a decisive preference for its favorite son is not known. In point of fact, the Taft boomers have not yet decided whether, in the event of their candidate's defeat in Ohio, they will keep him in the field. Up to this point Mr. Vorys' work has been quite satisfactory to Judge Taft's supporters, as his reports continue to be encouraging; in fact, confident. Mr. Vorys, like so many other politicians intrusted with important party work in these days, is of recent development. In a sense, he is something of an accident. Had the Democratic governor, Pattison, not been too ill from the day of his inauguration to the day of his death to give attention to the details of his office, it is entirely probable that Mr. Vorys would not have been available material as the Taft campaign manager. He was appointed insurance commissioner by Gov. Herrick, whom Gov. Pattison defeated, and was continued in the office by the Democratic executive for the reason stated. His office is one of the great powers in Ohio politics, and for years has been held by men chosen because of their political sagacity. Mr. Vorys was "discovered" by Herrick, who had influence enough at Columbus to induce Gov. Harris, who, as lieutenant governor, succeeded to the chief place on the death of Pattison, to reappoint him. He is not yet forty, and had never participated conspicuously in Ohio affairs until Senator Foraker's implacable foe, ex-Gov. Herrick, made him insurance commissioner.

Fulton Is Aroused.

Senator La Follette has run amuck 'way out in Oregon just as he does when lecturing in Eastern States. The Wisconsin reformer has spoken several times in Oregon within the past ten days, and in every one of them he inferentially cast aspersions upon that State's senior Senator, Mr. Fulton. By this is meant that he has shown by the record that Senator Fulton did not support certain radical amendments offered to the railroad-rate bill by Mr. La Follette, and for this the Oregon Senator is going at the Wisconsin man savagely. In newspaper interviews and in other ways, Mr. Fulton is denouncing Mr. La Follette as a faker, and declaring that he is not a Republican. Senator Fulton is chairman of the Committee on Claims, which he says is one of the most important committees of the Senate. Senator La Follette is a member of that committee, but, according to Senator Fulton, the Wisconsin statesman has shown disregard for his public duties in Washington by attending only one of its meetings. The two Senators have not met since their fierce quarrel began, but when they do meet Oregonians say there is likely to be some wool-pulling.

Mr. Bede's Latest.

Gus Karger, who, although born in Berlin and reared in Cincinnati, speaks and writes very good English, and is one of the best all-around newspaper men of the Capital, tells this as the latest related by the House humorist, the Hon. J. Adam Bede:

"I was scheduled to make a speech in a small Minnesota town," said Mr. Bede, "and I found that I had groped my way into a Swedish settlement. About 300 Scandinavians were assembled to hear me, and, although I look like one of them, I can't speak a word of their language. As I advanced to the front of the platform my heart threatened to slip out of my mouth, for my interpreter had failed to make good. 'How many of you were born in this country?' I inquired, sparring for time, and in the hope of getting my bearings. Two hands were raised, and I could hear my vitals groaning. Three hundred men assembled, and only two of them born in this country! What was I to do? I didn't know whether to run away, or to fall in a faint. 'How many of you speak English?' I asked, faintly. Every hand went up. 'Oh, very well,' I said, with great dignity; 'in that event it won't be necessary for me to address you in Swedish. I'll talk the situation over with you in the language of this land of the free and home of the brave.'"

Proctor an Editor Would Be.

By the filing of a suit in Vermont it has just been developed that Senator Redfield Proctor, of that State, has his own ideas of how a newspaper ought to be run, and if he wins the suit he may give them practical application by becoming an editor himself. He is a minority stockholder in the Rutland Herald, and he has instituted legal proceedings to show that the paper's editor, Percival W. Clement, has since 1884 subverted the property to his own advantage. Mr. Clement has been an unsuccessful candidate for governor in that time, and his paper has opposed the Senator's candidates. Senator Proctor's son is now governor of the Green Mountain State, and is slated to succeed his distinguished father in the Senate. Should the Senator oust the editor, it is said in Vermont that he will himself ascend the tripod and devote himself to arduous editorial labors after leaving the Senate.

Spooner Now in Private Life.

Only for a week to-day has John C. Spooner been a private citizen. The resignation as Senator, which he tendered the governor of Wisconsin on the closing day of the last session of Congress, did not take effect until May 1, and up to last Tuesday he was a full-fledged Senator in the enjoyment of all the honors and emoluments of that high office. Mr. Spooner thus drew for nearly two months the increased salary which the last Congress voted to its members hereafter, although he did not support the increase. For six months from the date on which his resignation became effective Mr. Spooner will be entitled to the franking privileges that belong to all members of Congress. The national lawmakers put this provision in the post-office law many years ago in order that without unnecessary cost to themselves they could wind up their public correspondence.

Mr. Spooner has not yet formally opened law offices either in Wisconsin or New York, nor has he yet appeared in the courts, although it is known that he has been kept very busy since leaving Washington with important lawsuits for various clients. It is said that he will not form a partnership with anybody either in his State or in New York City, though he will keep law offices in both. He likes the general practice too well to accept any of several very remunerative offers received from large corporations to look after their legal departments. He resigned from the Senate because he was poor and wanted to have a chance to provide for his wife while he is still capable of hard work.

Gen. Wood's High Place.

When Lieut. Gen. Arthur MacArthur, who already has been virtually placed on the inactive list, shall be retired by the operation of law within the next eighteen months, Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood will be the ranking officer of the army for sixteen years, barring accidents. He is now the senior major general, and will not reach the age of retirement until 1924. The rise of nobody connected with the army in modern times has been as rapid as that of Gen. Wood. Nine years ago he was an assistant surgeon with the rank of captain. Next to him in rank is Maj. Gen. Weston, who not long ago was transferred from the staff in Washington, where he was chief of the commissary department, to command in the line in the Philippines. Then come Maj. Gens. Grant and Greely. After these come Bell, Funston, Carter, Bliss, Barry, Mills, Edgerly, Duvall, Pershing, and Myers, all now brigadiers.

THE OPTIMIST.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the gentle philosopher, said once: "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbors, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his doors." Is not that what all of us who have ambition most desire? It is not sufficient for most of us merely to accomplish—we want the world's acknowledgment of our accomplishment.

I met a man the other day, a strong man with a sunny soul, who told me how he had just returned from a seven months' tramp through Alaskan wilds. He was all alone; he had no specific idea in fighting his way through trackless wilds; as he said, "There was no glory in it, but it was a bully time." No glory in it! And the glory of it shone in his face!

To do best things—that is fulfilling life; and to do best things requires best men. That is why optimism is so helpful. It is the hopeful man that has the clear eyes, the expanding lungs, the virile hands, that take hold and do things. It is fine to realize that the man who is doing good work in the world is helping God. You remember George Eliot's poem of the violin-maker:

God needs man's best to help Him;
He could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio.

If one realizes, thus, one's kinship to all that is good in the world, it should, I think, make better and happier men of all of us.

"Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good," says Landor in one of his "Imaginary Conversations." And "Only the good shall be happy," says Kipling. Surely all the testimony is on one side. The great trouble is that so many of us go out with the avowed purpose of seeking happiness; of making that our end and aim of life; when if anything in philosophy is true it is that we are not put on this earth for happiness, but for duty. The gifts we have must be used; the talents intrusted to us we dare not hide in a napkin. "To build the road and bridge the ford" is a task where a strong man may find all his happiness and increase his strength. And they who stay at home shall find happiness, too, in the humbler duties.

And the duties of life are so simple. The laws do not teach them; for the laws, designed for the protection of society, tell us only what we may not do—with impunity. Our laws are based, for the most part, fundamentally on the old Mosaic law: Ten "Thou shalt nots." The law of human kindness promulgated by Jesus Christ superseded this. His word was always "Thou shalt;" and the greatest law He gave us; the greatest guide to human happiness, serenity, and joy is the law: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Herein lies the cure for most of the ills that beset mankind. Here lies unselfishness; duty; the joy of giving; the blessing of receiving thanks. Whatsoever good there be that takes a man out of himself—that makes for sheer happiness. Life is all we know; it is to be lived! Let us wrong no man; do all the good we can, and, poet, peasant, or plutocrat, the gray old earth will seem good.

McCLELLAN'S GREAT SERVICE.

What He Accomplished Made Him Very Popular in the Army.

From the Boston Transcript.

Notwithstanding McClellan's shortcomings and failures, he achieved great popularity in the army, and he is still fondly remembered by thousands of old soldiers who served under him and then made their apprenticeship of arms. This esteem is reflected in the monumental tribute which the veterans of the Army of the Potomac have paid to their old commander, and that McClellan won this esteem is creditable alike to him and to them. He was not a military demagogue; on the contrary he was a disciplinarian. He formed an army of the most excellent quality out of heretogeneous materials, and he accomplished this task in a wonderfully short time. Herein he rendered a most important service to the Union, justly measured by President Roosevelt in his speech at the statue dedication Thursday. Had he been retained as a professional organizer, had he never led armies in the field, he probably would have left a reputation appreciated perhaps more readily by military students than by the average men, but by military students appreciated highly. No commander ever held such an allegiance of the heart as the Army of the Potomac gave McClellan. Fate was unkind to McClellan when it pitted him against Lee, a great master of the art of war, whom Grant alone was capable of overcoming.

EUROPEAN GAME SUFFERS.

Extraordinarily Severe Winter Has Wrought Sad Havoc.

Sportsmen are in despair over the stories which are reaching them of the havoc wrought among the wild game by the extraordinarily rigorous and protracted winter, says a Pragn letter to the Pall Mall Gazette. Throughout the forest districts of Bohemia, Moravia, and South Germany wild deer, hares, and partridges have suffered severely. In some parts the hares are almost extinct, and thousands of partridges have succumbed to cold and hunger.

The larger game have become so weak that it is doubtful whether many of them can keep alive until spring brings green food. Then there is the further danger that in their famished condition they may eat too greedily of the fresh vegetation and suffer accordingly.

Hence the sporting prospects for next season are by no means hopeful. For with probably greatly diminished bags the sportsman will have to pay much higher prices for shootings, the owners having increased the rents, sometimes as much as 100 per cent, over last season's figures.

Coming Struggle with the Orient.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

The scepter of power among nations, whether it be military or commercial, never remained permanently with any one, no matter how great and all-pervading its dominion once was. The history of the world is simply a history of the rise and culmination and downfall of nations. Once the seat of world power was in Asia, at Babylon. Then it was shifted to Europe, at Rome. It has since then remained in Europe. America is looming up as the greatest of world powers, but before its primacy shall be established there will be a mighty struggle between Asia and the Western nations.

Danger of Plutocracy.

From the Birmingham News.

With all that has been said about the danger of the mob and a great deal more that could be added in truth, the danger of plutocracy as it is understood in this day would be hard to overestimate. Even an attempt to approach such a condition by a comparatively few men and the methods and operations of these men in their greed for gain under an iniquitous system of government patronage, have done no little toward the creation and development of a socialistic tendency which is one step, and not a very short one, in the direction of the mob.

AT THE HOTELS.

The presence of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the famous Philadelphia physician, in the Willard lobby last evening caused Col. W. S. Harvey, of the Quaker City, to remark:

"Dr. Mitchell is one of the really great men of this age, and I am proud to possess his friendship. He is a many-sided man, and few of his contemporaries have his versatile gifts. I remember that in this hotel at a dinner given three years ago by the National Board of Trade, Dr. Mitchell was an invited guest, and that many of the greatest statesmen of America were seeking to be introduced to him. Senator Hanna was there, it being his last appearance at a public banquet save one prior to his death. He made a fine speech that night, and so did Speaker Cannon, Secretary Cortelyou, and others. Dr. Mitchell was seated near me, and I noticed that he slipped out of the room before all the speeches were concluded. The next morning I said to him that his premature leaving was regretted, as many of the leading participants in the banquet were waiting a chance to make his acquaintance.

"'Very kind of them, I am sure,' replied Dr. Mitchell, 'but I grew weary, Harvey, hearing those men talk about nothing but millions and billions, and not a word said about education, or moral progress, or literature, or poetry. Why, has the nation got so imbued with commercialism that men can talk of nothing but dollars and cents? Let me tell you, sir, that this country could well afford to pay $1,000,000,000 for another Shakespeare.'

"'But doctor,' I replied, banteringly, 'we have our Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and he did not cost us $1,000,000,000.'

"'Wait,' he answered, and his eyes twinkled. 'Wait; you have never got a bill from me yet.'"

The presence at the Riggs House of twenty intelligent looking young men, members of the graduating class of the Nazareth Hall, Moravian School at Nazareth, Pa., recalls some facts about this ancient institution of learning that are not without interest. The land which the town of Nazareth was built belonged originally to John, Thomas, and William Penn, and consisted of 5,000 acres. The Penns sold the estate of Letitia Aubrey, daughter of Sir John Fagg, who conveyed it to William Allen, who in 1740 sold it to Mr. Whitfield, of whom it was bought by the Moravians in 1743 for the sum of $11,000. Nazareth Hall was begun in 1755, the corner stone being laid May 31 of that year. By October it was under roof, but owing to Indian troubles and the bad time following Gen. Braddock's defeat, it was not ready for use until November, 1756. Here the Nazareth congregation worshiped until 1841, a period of eighty-five years.

The Moravians came to this country from Bohemia and other Austrian states about the middle of the eighteenth century. Some of them were with John Wesley in Georgia, settling near Savannah. Their religion is not very different from the Episcopal faith. They have a flourishing girls' school at Winston-Salem and two excellent schools for girls in Pennsylvania, one at Bethlehem and the other in Lancaster County.

A very attractive man, with a fine, intellectual face, is Dr. H. L. Russell, dean of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture, who is at the New Willard in attendance on the meeting of the tuberculosis congress. In answer to a Herald reporter's questions, Dr. Russell said:

"To make a winning fight against that dread disease, consumption, which in the past has been responsible for one-seventh of all the deaths in the United States, it is necessary to educate the masses as to prevention and treatment. Already there has been a considerable decline in the mortality from tuberculosis, and when the people learn how it can be combated, it is possible that in time the disease may be practically eliminated.

"In Wisconsin we have established a State tuberculosis sanatorium, from which much good is expected. It is beautifully located at Wales, thirty miles west of Milwaukee, and near Waukesha, with a capacity of 100 inmates. The State appropriated $90,000 to begin with, and eventually it will be a model institution. The site was a matter of prime importance, and there was a disposition to locate it in the far north, away from the centers of population. The Minnesota people did this thinking the pine forests along their northern border an ideal place for their sanatorium, but in this they were mistaken. Our institution is very accessible to the large communities from which we may expect to draw patients. It is at a very high point, and the country round about is a great dairy region, which gives us plenty of milk and other nutritious foods. One of the prime factors in treatment is to give plenty of wholesome, flesh-producing food. A generous diet that makes tubercular subjects take on fat is indispensable.

"But above everything else, the public must learn that success depends on fighting the disease in its incipiency. If it be taken in the early stages and the modern open-air programme be rigidly adhered to, there is hardly any case of which one might despair of a cure."

In the Shoreham lobby last evening were a number of men who have made themselves national fame by their pre-eminence in the medical profession, through virtue of ability in special branches. Dr. J. E. Janvrin, of New York City, whose specialty is gynecology; Dr. Eugene Boise, of Grand Rapids, Mich., famed for his profound studies of surgical shocks; Dr. Arthur Bevan, the Chicago surgeon who, with Dr. Billings, of that city, performed an operation on Dr. Harper, of the Chicago University; Dr. Reuben Peterson, professor of gynecology at the University of Michigan; Dr. H. J. Rudolph, the expert in abdominal surgery, and Prof. E. Kuster, of Berlin, the German doctor who is said to be without a superior in kidney surgery.

Perhaps not many of The Herald's readers know that the United States government is in the business of curing consumptives, but the victims of the disease must have a claim on Uncle Sam, such a claim as the young men in the marine service very properly possess. Dr. P. M. Carrington, who is among the medical visitors to the Capital, is in charge of the sanatorium which the Federal government has established at Fort Stanton, N. Mex., acting through Surg. Gen. Wyman, who is at the head of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service.

Fort Stanton is an ideal location, according to Dr. Carrington, it being surpassed for dryness by no spot in the United States. It is also very high, being at an altitude of 6,000 feet above sea level. About 200 patients are in the institution, and many of the young men have been restored to health or are in a fair way to recovery.

"The stories recently printed in The Washington Herald as to the enormous catch of herring in Maryland waters were no exaggeration," said Mr. T. A. Nickersham, of Chesapeake Beach, at the Raleigh. "Even at the beach, which has never boasted of being a piscatorial paradise, although furnishing good sport, the catch of late has been something extraordinary. One day last week the number of herring taken at a single drawing was 55,000, and this capture made no perceptible lowering of the nets, so the owner told me, and I have ever found him a truthful man.

"Besides this rather plebeian fish, we have had any quantity of the aristocratic shad, and I think that ours are even better, juicier, and finer flavored than those which find their way up the Potomac to Washington."